

WHICH WIFE REALLY DOES LOVE HIM BEST?

Mrs. Emma Hillman Magowan, the Discarded First Wife, and Mother of His Children, Says She Still Loves Him and Hopes to See the Ruined Jersey Millionaire Rise and Rebuild his Lost Fortunes.

Mrs. Helen Edith Magowan, the Beautiful Wife No. 2, Says She Is Loyal and True, Is Sharing His Disgrace and Poverty To-day, and Will Never Give Him Up, Come What Will.



SAYS WIFE NO. 1—"I love Frank Magowan better than any other woman can. I have been his wife for twenty years. I reared his children."

THE final act in the most extraordinary domestic drama of modern times is nearing its close at Trenton, N. J.

The last chapter in the romance of Frank Allan Magowan, ex-Mayor of Trenton, former millionaire, and the man who might have been Governor of New Jersey is being written, and the title of that chapter is "Ruin."

The ex-Mayor of Trenton began his business career as a newsboy. His evolution included the stages of commercial drummer, founder of the Eastern Rubber Manufacturing Company, promoter of the Trenton Pottery Syndicate, the Central Jersey Traction Company, the New York and Philadelphia Traction Company, and president of the Trenton Oilcloth Company.

He was a Midas touch. No enterprise so luscious but the energy of Frank Magowan, whom the citizens of Trenton were proud to call their "Fortunate Youth," their "Aladdin," their "Napoleon of Finance," could infuse with new life.

Twice he served his city as Mayor, and served it well. His administration was characterized by a boldness and brilliancy before unknown in Jersey's capital.

He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for Governor by the Republican nominating convention, and received 240 votes.

He built a colonial mansion on Clinton avenue at a cost of \$200,000. There he installed his wife, once Miss Hillman, of the old Hillman family of Trenton, and his five lovely children.

Then came the diren song. High above the harmony of his strangely successful life the love note sounded. The man listened until only that note was distinguish-

able amid the harmony. It chained his soul. It changed his life.

Three years ago he met Mrs. J. A. Barnes. Her eyes, deep violet ones, made

him forget that he is his husband and the father of his children. The other woman talks of their troubles as persecution. "I call them retribution."

FRANK A. MAGOWAN SAYS HE WILL STAND BY WIFE NO. 2 IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY FRANK A. MAGOWAN.

I HAVE a wife whom I love and who has always made me happy. She does not deserve the charge of alienating my affections from my first wife. If you turn to the dictionary you will find that alienate means to take from one and give to another. She did not do this.

When the word is used in connection with my affairs the person using it assumes that I loved my first wife. They have no right to assume that.

It is not true that I intend to return to my first wife or that she has made business overtures to that end. How could I return to her if I chose? And I do not choose.

I am a married man. I have a wife whom I love and who has never failed to make me happy. She needs no defence. Her name, her family, herself, are reply enough to any slanderous charges. She has more than the "beautiful face" the papers talk about. She has a sympathetic nature and intelligence, which have made her a true companion.

She has been my helpmeet and consoler in adversity, which she shared from the time of our marriage. When I say I love and esteem my wife and am happy with her, I answer all the questions that are put to me by the press and the public.

"Have you not given up friends, family, fortune and a

Strange Romance of Domestic Misery that Began in a Mansion and Ended in a Prison Cell.

BY WIFE NO. 1.

Mrs. Emma Hillman Magowan

BY WIFE NO. 2.

Mrs. Helen Edith Magowan

I LOVE Frank Magowan better than any other woman can. I have been his wife for twenty years. I helped him build up his fortune. I reared his children. I endured his infidelity uncomplainingly so long as I had the honored first place as his wife.

I have been a tender mother to his children. I was a true wife before his separation from me. I am still, although a deserted wife is the object of many an insult. If there were no other proof that I love him more than any other woman does there is the fact that I wish him no ill.

He is grovelling at the foot of the ladder where he began when we were lovers in our youth. He has been brought there by the wiles of a miserable woman rather than through his own fault. I would like to see him rise again by his own brilliant and honest efforts to a greater eminence than he has yet enjoyed.

That I can wish this after the wrong he has done me is the greatest proof the world can demand that I love him. He has left me without means of livelihood.

I own the house I am living in, but I cannot mortgage it for money to live on without his signature, and he refuses that. I own the furniture, it is true, but I am parting with that and with my jewelry piece by piece to meet the expenses of my household.

I would willingly move into a smaller house if I could raise money on my own house, and so could continue the education of my children. I took my two boys from Princeton six months ago because I could not afford to keep them there any longer, but in all that time they have not been able to get work. People are ready in the expression of their sympathy, but they do not exert it in the practical way of giving employment to my sons.

The men whom my husband helped in his palmy days turn coldly away from his children when they ask to be helped to a means of making an honest living.

When I see people look askance at myself and children I grow very hard and bitter toward the world and the woman who caused all our unhappiness.

I wonder sometimes how I refrained from ending her life with my own hand in the days of my first agony. Then I turn and watch the progress of events. She won my husband's heart, but what has she lost? Fair fame, the respect of men, the esteem of women, her home, her fortune.

From the moment she exerted her spell, bleached hair and all, upon him his fortune began to decline. He lost the high place he has held in Trenton, and he is a broken, unfortunate man. She knows that while he lived with me he rose steadily in the business and social world. She sees the difference, and I do not envy her her reflections. I do not acknowledge her as his wife. I have brought suit to annul their marriage.

I fully expect to have their divorce set aside. It is necessary to live in Oklahoma nine months before a divorce is secured. Mr. Magowan was never there more than two weeks at a time. The law requires that they wait six months after securing the divorce before being married again. They were married the next day after she got here.

I expect yet to destroy her claim to being a wife. I bear him no ill will. I would be glad to see him restored to his old position of honor. For her I have none but hard thoughts. I am trying to get an appointment as janitress in the State House.

It will be a sad change for the wife of the former Mayor of Trenton. Yet, in the face of this I can say that I can find it in my heart to forgive Frank Magowan. I cannot forget that he is my husband and the father of my children. The other woman talks of their troubles as persecution. "I call them retribution."

I LOVE Frank Magowan better than any one else does. I have proven it. Have I not shared his adversity uncomplainingly and loyally from the first? It was his first wife who shared his honors and his wealth.

It was I who bore poverty and ignominy with him. His fortunes were on the wane when I married him and I knew it. People have only to look at the matter honestly and trace Mr. Magowan's troubles to the true sources, stringency in the money market and unhappy domestic relations, to see that I was not to blame.

The persecutions and humiliations we have suffered in Trenton have broken my spirit and my health. I am suffering from nervous prostration, brought on by worry and exposure, and scarcely know what I say.

But if I were dying I would say, with my last breath, that I love my husband and that the charge of my motive for marrying him was mercenary was false.

Women seem to be born to suffer. I have suffered much and the deepest of my suffering is that there are many things I cannot give the public, and so cannot make it understand this unhappy situation as it is.

I have ever been loyal to Mr. Magowan's interests. I have always been a devoted wife. It breaks my heart to be called to account for his misfortunes, which had set in as a flood tide before I knew him.

Yet the public did not understand this. The public does not understand the private misfortunes of people except retrospectively, and then only in part. It is to those whom men love they tell the story of their private troubles when they are passing, and so I naturally knew Frank Magowan before any one else did.

Knowing them all and knowing what I would have to share with him, I married him because he was the man of my heart. I have nothing to say of the first Mrs. Magowan, but this of myself. Had I lived in New York or San Francisco there would never have been this tumult.

Thinking people have come to the conclusion that when a wedded pair are not happy together, when they do not love, it is better that they separate. They believe that to live together without love is impurity, and that divorce often frees from bonds that are unholy, because they are not hallowed by love.

I am firmly of that opinion. It is the justification which I offer for my marriage with Mr. Magowan. I do not believe that elsewhere than in Trenton we would have been made so wretched because of it. Perhaps I will always be misjudged, but I want the world, especially the world of women, to remember when they read what Mr. Magowan has lost because of love that I too have lost much.

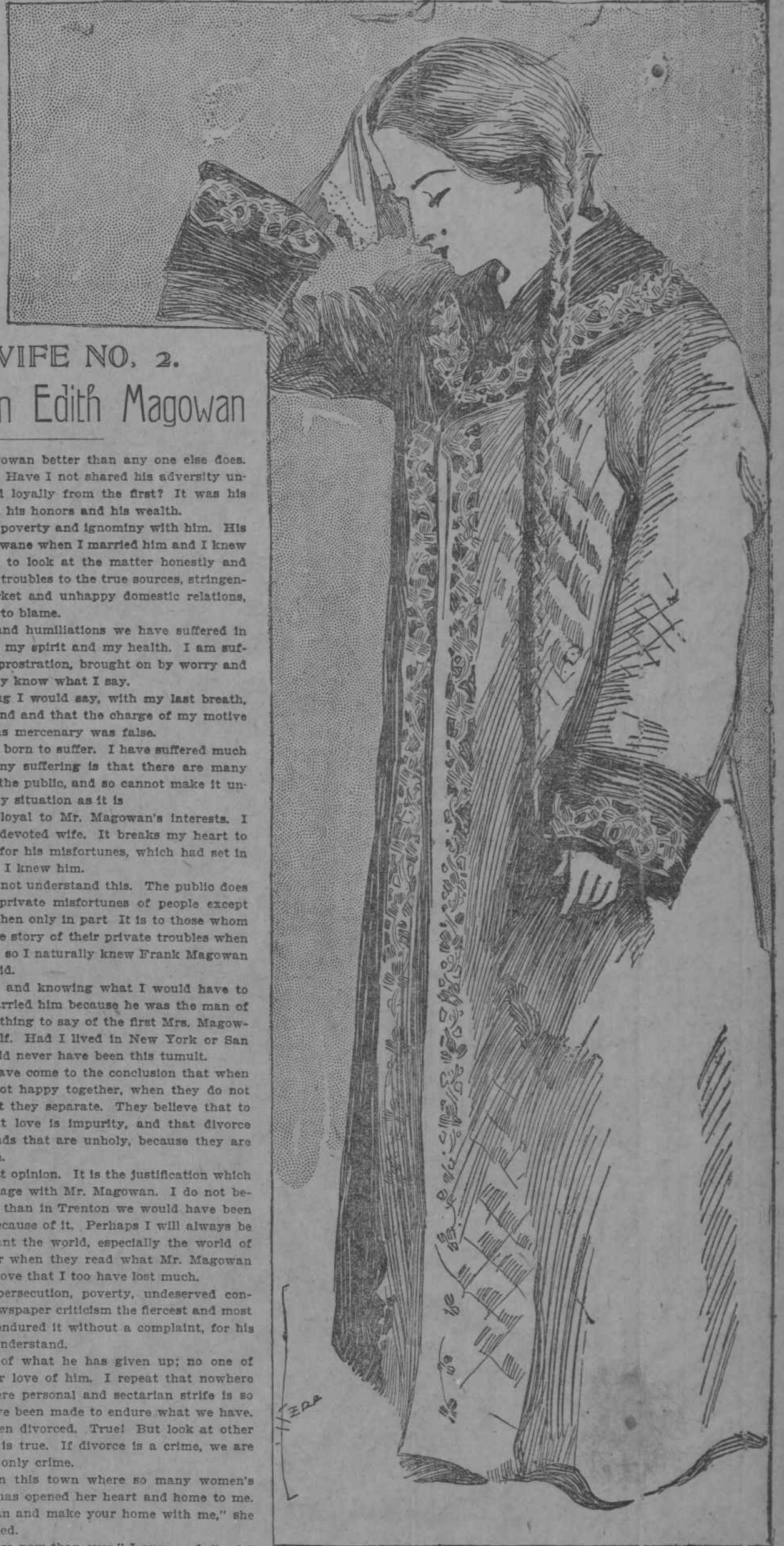
I have endured persecution, poverty, undeserved contempt, loneliness, newspaper criticism the fiercest and most unjust, and I have endured it without a complaint, for his sake. No one can understand.

Every one talks of what he has given up; no one of what I have lost for love of him. I repeat that nowhere but in Trenton, where personal and sectarian strife is so bitter, would we have been made to endure what we have. We have both been divorced. True! But look at other couples of whom it is true. If divorce is a crime, we are guilty, but it is our only crime.

A kind woman in this town where so many women's hearts seem closed has opened her heart and home to me. "Leave Mr. Magowan and make your home with me," she has said, but I refused.

"He needs me more now than ever," I answered, "and I will never leave him." That is not the sentiment of a woman who married a man for the prestige and money he might give her. I have not shared his wealth, but his poverty; not his honor, but his humiliation.

It is cruel to call me an adventuress because I did what every true woman's heart prompts her to do—marry the man she loves.



SAYS WIFE NO. 2—"It is cruel to call me an adventuress because I did what every true woman's heart prompts her to do—marry the man she loves."

vocal speech unnecessary. Her hair was of the gold that inspired the poet's dream. Her brow was broad and low and white. Her mouth the veriest Cupid's bow. The

shifting glow of health mantled her cheeks. She dressed with simple elegance.

He made Mr. Barnes superintendent of one of his rubber plants. He finally took the Barnes family into his menage in the colonial mansion.

Mrs. Magowan protested, but her protests availed nothing. Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Magowan for the alienation of his wife's affections. They compromised on \$6,000 as the price of those affections.

His mansion was sold by the Sheriff. He refused to be dispossessed, and was evicted, half clothed and fighting as a tiger for his young. He took refuge in a bar.

After the eviction had taken place he had some valuables removed and was arrested for larceny. While the bond was being drawn up he was sentenced to jail for contempt of court. He lay in jail six hours, when he was released on a writ of habeas corpus.

He was refused admission to the hotels until the host of the American consented to give him shelter.

Then came Magowan's Oklahoma divorce, his marriage to the fascinating Mrs. Barnes, and the scandal in Trenton, when he installed her in the colonial mansion. And then business men snubbed him, withdrew their support, the panic came, and his various companies were as bubbles that had been pricked. He was bankrupt.

Stripped of prestige, robbed of friends, of family, with fortune gone, possessed only of the \$200 allowed to every one by the laws of New Jersey, with the bill that it is said amount to half a million, Frank Magowan's life is not loveless.

He speaks of the women and of the qualities he most loves in his present wife. Both wives have told the Journal of their love for him.



Frank A. Magowan.